

# EDWARD CROWNED WITH GREAT POMP

(Continued from First Page.)

Part of the ceremony, when it was discovered that he had the crown with the back to the front.

Slowly he raised it, but too late to prevent the choir from prematurely bursting out with a loud "God Save the King." Amid a tenuous nervousness, the Archbishop finally managed to place the crown correctly upon the King's head. A few minutes later came the climax of his feelings. He was kneeling to do the first homage of all the subjects to the King, when suddenly he almost fainted, and would have fallen upon his sovereign, had not King Edward turned tenderly, but firmly, grasped both the prelate's hands and lifted him to his feet. The Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham clasped their arms around the Archbishop of Canterbury, the King placed his wrinkled hand, the Archbishop's head fell back, his feet moved slowly and mechanically, and thus he was more carried than led from the throne to King Edward's chapel, where he was revived.

**THE KING A FATHER.**

The tremor which this event caused in the hearts of the people was not only human touch varied the proceedings, and the King was forgotten in the father. Instead of merely according the homage of the King of Wales, Prince and King, he then recalled him and wrung his hand with a manliness of parental affection that brought tears to many eyes. To those who were able to see clearly through the two episodes, the significance of the bejeweled women, the splendor of the uniformed men, and even the historic grandeur of the coronation office itself, sank almost into secondary interest.

To-night the Associated Press learns that King Edward was greatly unnerved by the condition of the Archbishop of Canterbury and that His Majesty sat in constant dread of a contretemps, though outwardly calm, as could be judged from the steadiness with which he held his scepter and erect during the ordeal. This bravery, however, did not deceive the Queen. Throughout the service, and especially as the Archbishop of Canterbury became more and more nervous, His Majesty palpably dreaded that the King would break down with keen anxiety the constantly turned toward her husband, watching him intently throughout the ceremony. Her graceful dignity and solicitude for King Edward was the chief charm of the proceedings in the Abbey. Her Majesty's appearance won extravagant encomiums, especially from the women, many of whom declared that Queen Alexandra did not look a day over thirty.

**THE QUEEN'S CROWNING.**

The Queen's own crowning was brief and simple. Then the four Duchesses went to hold a canopy over Her Majesty's head, the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Portland led the way. They performed their duty with the precision of long practice, namely, the putting on of their coronets at the moment the Queen was crowned, approached, a flutter of nervousness ran through their ranks, and coronets were pulled out and patted and pinched into shape. The faces hardened with anxiety, and then all their arms suddenly went up, and coronets, large and small, were put in place, some crooked and some straight. For the next five minutes the prelates disregarded what passed before them; first one and then another turned around for advice and help, and an unusual amount of pushing of each other's coronets into place.

**THE CLIMAX.**

No stage effect could have equalled the climax that ensued the moment the crown was placed upon King Edward's head, the sudden illumination by hundreds of electric lights making the thousands of priceless jewels, including those in the crown itself to sparkle with dazzling brilliancy. The instantaneous movement of the peers, the placing of their coronets upon their heads, the choir's "God Save the King," with its harmonious, yet gentle, strains, the display of male and female throats, constituted such an outburst of pent up thankfulness and rejoicings even Westminster Abbey with all its historic traditions, never before witnessed.

The Mansion House and the Bank of England, the electric and gas displays of which were particularly noticeable, were all surrounded by thousands of persons who for the most part were orderly.

The United States battleship Illinois at Chatham dock-yard was decorated. Throughout the United Kingdom the cities were illuminated, and enthusiastic demonstrations were held.

## THE EXPECTANT THRONES

Thousands Patiently Await the Coming of the Royal Procession.

(By Associated Press.)

LONDON, Aug. 9.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned in Westminster Abbey shortly after noon to-day. Though the ceremony was bereft of some of the elaboration and pageantry originally contemplated, it lacked little in the way of spectacular perfection.

The whole ceremonial was of a magnificently decorative character and presented a constantly changing panorama. Around the two central figures, enthroned in their robes of velvet, ermine and cloth of gold, glided the distinguished assemblage of actors, the fulfillment of whose various roles necessitated constant movement, each stage of the ceremony, with its old world usages, furnished its quota of interest, while the interior of the noble church filled as it were with officiating prelates, with princes and diplomatic officers in gold-laced uniforms, with heralds, pursuivants, and other officers of state in medieval costumes, with peers and peeresses in rich robes with ermine and jewels, with the varied ranks of the armed forces, with all shades of complexion from distant points of the new crowned monarch's empire, with its dazzling display of jewels and wealth of color, presented a picture which in its combination of brilliancy and distinction has seldom been equalled.

**THE CROWDS.**

Most of the best positions along the route of the procession were thickly crowded by 8 o'clock, and the spectators were furnished with plenty of diversion by the marching and countermarching of troops, headed by their bands, and the quickly passing state coaches, private carriages and automobiles. Buckingham Palace naturally was one of the

## Humors

They take possession of the body, and are Lords of Misrule.

They attend to pimples, boils, the itching of the skin, and other cutaneous eruptions; by feelings of weakness, languor, general debility and what not.

They cause more suffering than any other disease.

Health, Strength, Peace and Pleasure require their expulsion, and this is positively effected, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, by

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Which radically and permanently drives them out and builds up the whole system.

## BERRY'S TRAVELLERS' REQUISITES.



# Trunks of Every Kind.

(and the elephant laughed.)

We doubt that you've ever seen, read or heard of a trunk, that's new, that can't be found in our Big Basement Department.

While some of our friends feared for us in opening so extensive a stock of Novelty Trunks (as well, of course, as the everyday kind)—developments have proven our estimate of your wants to be in no sense exaggerated.

**We Carry**

Perfection Wardrobe Trunks, Jack Knife Combination Trunks, Ladies' Lightweight Steamer Trunks, Perfection Chiffonier Trunks, Bridal Trunks, Dress Trunks, Basket Trunks, Roller Tray Trunks and Plain Knock-About Trunks.

**Trunks—\$2.25 to \$60.00.**

Suit Cases, Club Bags, Carryalls, Telescopes, Luggage, Hand Bags, Hat Boxes, Toilet Cases and everything else for travellers.

## Odd Trousers.

Reckon you've been expecting something like this. Well, here it is, better than you thought:

Hundreds of Fancy Cassimeres—  
Hundreds of Fancy Worsteds—  
Hundreds of Flannels (roll)—  
Perfect in finish, style and fit—Choice only

**\$3.50**

**O. H. Berry & Co.,**  
Men's and Boys' Outfitters.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

# EDWARD THE SEVENTH IS CROWNED WITH GREAT POMP AND CEREMONY

solemn words of the sedate rites would state it, is "exalted above all principalities and powers, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

That was to me, at least, the supreme impression left by the coronation of King Edward. It was not so much the exaltation and enthronement of the King as the homage which that King rendered to his own overlord.

## The Coronation Pageant a Scene Never to be Forgotten.

BY PRINCESS HELEN VACARESCO.  
(Special Cable to the Times. Copyright, 1932, by W. R. Hearst.)

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The ceremony in the Abbey has proved, as all expected, one of the most beautiful spectacles of the century. No one who saw it ever will be able to forget the unrivaled pageant. It was only 8 o'clock when we took our seats in Queen Alexandra's private tribune. Between 8 and 10 we saw all the peers and peeresses pass by us; some private invitation was extended to the daughters and sisters of peers and stopped to chat with noted personalities in the Queen's box. The Queen's some personal friends of her Majesty, such as pretty Mrs. Dalrymple, Princess Henry of Pless, Countess Torby and myself.

"I haven't slept a wink thinking of all this, but my hand doesn't tremble," said the Duchess of Marlboro, as she went to hold the pall of cloth of gold over the head of the Queen.

Outside, rising ever higher and higher, cheering announces that the King is not far away, and every one rises. The Queen's regalia is first borne into the Abbey, her scepter, crown and ring, carried by the lords of her household. A hush and a whisper, which rises higher than the music. She is so beautiful as she advances between the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Winchester. She smiles and keeps her lovely head rather bowed, as if the shimmering load of her tremendous pearl collar were too heavy for her.

Here is a fact which to many is unknown: the Queen to-day wears on her royal mantle all the jewels she has received from her beloved ones who are now dead—the Duke of Clarence, her mother, and Queen Victoria.

## CORONATION POEM.

By Alfred Austin.

The London Times yesterday published a poem by Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, entitled "The Crowning of Kingship." It is thirteen stanzas, of which the first three are as follows:

What do we crown and celebrate to-day?  
Empire and Kingship throne on peaceful power;  
Since to be weak is to endure the sway  
Of every threatening hour.

Kingship symbolic of a people's will,  
Themselves born kingly sceptred by the sea,  
And, like the sea, let what so tempests swirl,  
One world-wide, feared and free.  
For 'tis not crown nor purple men revere,  
But the majestic mind and regal soul  
That amid clashing clamours help to steer.  
A realm unto its goal.

The last stanza is as follows:  
So may a throne-knit people long while crown  
Kingship and Kings, who, as the ages run,  
Heirs to Victoria's wisdom, hand it down  
From sire to son and son.

principal centers of interest, as it was the starting point of the great pageant. Crowds assembled in desirable places in great numbers, and a great cheer went up when it was announced that the King was in the best of health and well able to undergo the fatigues of the day.

By 9:30 the scene in the vicinity of the

perched a number of fashionably dressed ladies, members of the household, and their cheers, with the fluttering of their handkerchiefs as the King and Queen entered the Abbey, gave the signal for the deafening plaudits of their populace which greeted their Majesties as they emerged from the gates. The ovation was taken up by the crowds which thronged the Mall and was repeatedly acknowledged by the occupants of the State coach.

The King looked pale and rather fine drawn and was by no means as brown and robust as previous reports had led him to expect, and while punctiliously bowing from side to side, he did so with a gravity very unusual to him. He seemed to sit rather far back in the carriage and moved his body very little. His curious crimson robe and cap, the maintenance of which, simply a band of ermine with a crimson velvet top, doubtless gave him the unusual appearance. The Queen beside him was radiant. She never looked better. The cheers which greeted the pair were loud and unmistakably genuine and very different from the perfunctory applause which usually greets the members of the royal family.

**PRINCE OF WALES STOLID.**

The three processions to the Abbey were carried out according to programme and the only features of the first two were the gorgeous State carriages and the beautiful trappings and horses. The Duke of the first procession sat Prince Henry of Prussia on the back seat, but he was so occupied with talking to the Duke of Sparta that he seemed not to notice the crowd. The Prince of Wales also seemed very indifferent and stolid.

During the long wait, Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist who was commanded to paint the coronation scene in the Abbey, and who wore court uniform, took careful note of the surroundings for the historic picture ordered by the King. The peeresses took advantage of the long interval to stroll up and down, but

not seem out of place. A peculiarly beautiful effect was presented by the King's and Queen's boxes, comprising half a dozen rows of chairs in white satin, re-laid with the crimson of the robes. Beyond the structural decorations for the seating of the spectators, there was little attempt at any display, and the old gray arches lent their stately perspective to the scene, untouched by flags or any gleam of color.

Various chairs to be used by the King and Queen in the service attracted special attention, but what inevitably caught the eye was the glittering array of gold plate, brought from various royal depositories, ranged along the chancel and behind the altar. Amidst these surroundings, the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, resplendent in white knee breeches and heavily embroidered coat, hurried to and fro directing the final touches.

**AMERICAN ARTIST THERE.**

By 10 o'clock the interior of the Abbey presented a blaze of color. Along the nave, which was lined by grenadiers, every chair was taken up by high officers of the army and navy and others in equally handsome equipment. Beyond the arch separating the nave from the chancel, sat the surprised ambassadors, with the United States Ambassador, Joseph Choate and Mrs. Choate, and many officials.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
Heir to British Throne.

but the Princess of Wales bowed and smiled constantly.

It was not until the King's procession came that there was any show of enthusiasm. Lord Kitchener, Admiral Seymour and General Gaselee, as they rode together, of course, came in for much attention, but they all seemed to look straight ahead and pay little attention to the people along the route. Lord Kitchener, in the resplendent full-dress uniform of a General, also looked unfamiliar and many persons did not recognize him. The Indians were undoubtedly the most picturesque feature of the procession, while the State coach of the King, drawn by the Hanoverian horses, which figured in all of the late Queen Victoria's processions, seemed much more like fairyland than usual.

**THE ONLY INCIDENT.**

The progress of the royal cortege was marked by no special incident except an accident to Lord Pelham Clinton, one of the groom-in-waiting. It was a continued triumph and reached its climax on the arrival at the Abbey, where there was a scene of unparalleled confusion which did not cease until their majesties disappeared into the annex.

The accident to Lord Pelham Clinton created considerable excitement in the Mall. In a closed carriage he was passing York Steps when his conveyance collided with another royal carriage, going at high speed in an opposite direction.

Two or three minutes later came the horse cry from the boys of Westminster of "Vivat Rex Edwardus," with blasts of trumpets. The Queen waited patiently, the organ ceased, and then resumed, there was another fan-fare of trumpets and chorus of "Vivats," and King Edward appeared and walked to his chair in front of the throne, bowing to the Queen as he passed, and then knelt down in prayer.

**"GOD SAVE KING EDWARD."**

After removing his somewhat unbecoming cap, His Majesty stood up and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a trembling voice, read the "Recognition." "Kingship is given unto you King Edward, the undoubted King of this realm," etc. Then there was a hoarse shout and the blending of the organ, women and men in the cry, "God Save King Edward." Several times the King repeated the words, "God Save the King," and the Archbishop of Canterbury walked to the altar and commenced the communion. While the Gospel was being read the King stood erect, supported on either side by the Bishops in their heavily embroidered capes. In the singing of the Creed all the members of the royal family turned eastward. Both King Edward and Queen Alexandra followed the service carefully, frequently looking at the copies of the service which they held in their hands.

**THE KING IS WILLING.**

The administration of the oath followed. Standing before the King's chair, the archbishop asked: "Sir, is Your Majesty willing to take the oath?" The King answered in firm, strong tones, "I am willing."

The archbishop then stepped to the altar and the King signed the oath. He did not advance to the altar, but sat in the chair he had occupied since the service began. While the choir sang, "Come, Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire," the King remained seated and the Queen stood up.

After the archbishop's prayer, a gold canopy was brought over the King's chair and His Majesty divested himself of his outer robe and then walked to the altar, while the choir sang Zaok's anthem. The anointing ceremony was scarcely seen owing to the fact that the spectators were just able to discern the Archbishop of Canterbury's motions.

**THE KING CROWNED.**

After the prayer, the King resumed his seat, and from a scarlet, silken roll, on which the prayers were printed in large type, and which was held by the Dean of

Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury read the prayers and delivered the sword to the King, who did not go to the altar, the sword being taken to him by the Dean of Westminster while His Majesty remained standing. The armilla and orb were then delivered to the King according to the programme. When the King held out his hand for the ring, the Archbishop of Canterbury had difficulty in finding it, but finally, with trembling hands, he placed it on the tip of His Majesty's finger, reading the prayer simultaneously. The King himself completing the process of putting on the ring as he withdrew his hand. Later the Archbishop had signed the ring, owing to his position in placing the crown on the King's head. In fact, the choir started "God Save the King," while the Archbishop of Canterbury was still striving to place the crown on the ruler's head, and a great shout went up and the electric lights were turned on.

**JOY BELLS RING OUT.**

As the acclamations died away the clanging of the joy bells, the noise of guns and the shouting of the people outside penetrated into the Abbey, where the King still sat, motionless, his dazed crown on his head and his scepter held in his hand.

After singing "Be Strong and Play the Man," and the Bible having been presented, the King advanced and knelt while he received the benediction. He then walked to the great organ, where he stood on the dais for the first time surrounded by nobles. The Archbishop of Canterbury followed, the King being obliged to stand while awaiting the arrival of the archbishop. Having placed the King into his chair, the archbishop knelt and paid homage, the aged prelate scarcely being able to rise until the King assisted him and himself raised the archbishop's hand from the steps of the throne. The archbishop, who seemed to be in a daze, had to be practically carried to the altar. The incident created considerable excitement.

**KISSED THE PRINCE.**

The next person to pay homage to His Majesty was the Prince of Wales, who, until King Edward held out his hand, which he kissed, after touching the crown as a sign of fealty. The Prince of Wales then started to return to his seat, when the King drew him back and put his arms around him and kissed him. After the King once more gave the Prince his hand, this time to shake, and the heavy vigor of King Edward's grasp showed that his hand, at any rate, had not lost its strength.

The Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), accompanied by representatives of each grade of the nobility, read the oath, beginning, "I, Duke of Earl, etc., do become your liege man of life or limb," etc. The respective representatives next touched the crown and kissed the King's cheek, the Duke of Norfolk being the only one to read the oath. This portion of the service was considerably shortened.

**THE QUEEN CROWNED.**

The Queen then rose, and accompanied by her entourage, proceeded to the altar steps, where, under a pall of cloth of gold, she was quickly crowned by the Archbishop of York, supported by the Bishops. She was then led to the throne, beside that of which the King sat, and her enthronement was accomplished. The Queen bowed to King Edward, and both walked to the altar and received the communion, after delivering their crowns to the Lord Great Chamberlain and another officer to hold them.

The pages, while the Majesties knelt still, held the Queen's long train, with the nobles still kneeling. The whole service was most impressive, and was made more brilliant, owing to the electric light. By a great effort, the Archbishop of Canterbury was enabled to conclude the service and the King and Queen repaired to St. Edward's chapel. Neither of their Majesties returned to their thrones after the communion, but remained at the altar.

**THE SERVICE COMPLETED.**

The service, which was completed with the singing of "Te Deum," was brought to a close without a hitch. The King exhibited no outward traces of fatigue. While the King and Queen were in St. Edward's Chapel many of the peers broke ranks and lined up to kiss the King's hand, and the younger members of the nobility, some of them being scarcely ten years of age, who had been previously kept in the background, then joined their older relatives. General Kitchener, with his hands on the shoulders of a little page, was conspicuous among these.

**THE KING ARRIVES**

Westminster Boys Shout "Vivat Rex Edwardus."

The Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in front of the coronation chair and the Earl of Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor, seated himself by his side. Several minutes elapsed, however, before the King and Queen came in sight of those gathered about the throne. Suddenly "Vivat Alexandra" was shouted by the boys of Westminster and the Queen, walking slowly to the left of the throne, gained her chair and knelt at a silken table, her magnificent train of cloth of gold being lifted out of her way by six scarlet-coated pages.

Two or three minutes later came the horse cry from the boys of Westminster of "Vivat Rex Edwardus," with blasts of trumpets. The Queen waited patiently, the organ ceased, and then resumed, there was another fan-fare of trumpets and chorus of "Vivats," and King Edward appeared and walked to his chair in front of the throne, bowing to the Queen as he passed, and then knelt down in prayer.

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ord of the drug store showed that Mrs. Lloyd had again purchased arsenic. Several days elapsed, during which time Dr. Mott was in constant attendance, and then the child gradually succumbed and was laid beside her two brothers. Lloyd asked, still there was no open accusation, and in the eyes of many she was as the injured and much afflicted mother.

A few weeks went by. The baby Maud was now about four years old and all that remained to the mother of her family. The public at last awakened to more than mere interest, were now with anxiety the fate of the little one. Lloyd began to complain of rats about the premises and on one occasion asked a neighbor to buy her some arsenic. The neighbor refused and a few days later Mrs. Lloyd herself went for the poison, this time to a different drug store. Her manner, as was afterwards learned, was hesitating, and when she noticed a sign on the door, she registered the poison she querulously remonstrated on the ground that the poison was paid for. "Mark my words," said the drug clerk as she left the store, "some member of her family will die pretty soon."

**THE PICTURES IN PRISON.**

The words were prophetic. After three days' illness, during which the baby grew weaker each day, little Maud lay a corpse. With her own hands the fiendish mother dressed her baby in white and gold tinsel for burial. Slow to suspect, and slow to investigate, Leeburg was thoroughly aroused by the fact of murder at last, and Mrs. Lloyd was arrested and committed without bail.

The authorities now ordered a thorough investigation. Professor Toney, a celebrated chemist of Baltimore, and Professor T. G. Wornley, of Columbus, O., a gentleman of distinction in his profession, were sent for to exhum the body and make a chemical analysis. Their duty was scientifically performed and resulted in finding over three-fourths of a grain of arsenic in the stomach of the youngest child, Maud. With this disclosure the body of Annie was also exhumed, and found to contain the metallic poison, and subsequently the bodies of the two boys were found to contain the same poison. Mrs. Lloyd was held, charged with the murder of her little daughter Maud by arsenical poison.

Maud died on March 25th, and it was not until the following October that the case came up for trial. In the mean time Mrs. Lloyd was confined in the county jail, where she had a suite of rooms nicely furnished and every comfort and convenience. Her walls were decorated with portraits of her four children and husband and scenes from the life of Christ. No effort was spared to make her case as pathetic as possible. As if to combat any idea that she had murdered her family for money Mrs. Lloyd erected tombstones not only to the memory of her "lamented husband," but to each of the children, appropriately engraved with poetry and scripture texts. Some \$100 was spent in this way, and \$200 more for a handsome iron railing around the enclosure.

**TRIAL OF GREAT INTEREST.**

The case was tried at the October term of the Circuit Court, and attracted wide attention. Judge Keith, then a young man of thirty-two, is said to have presided with much dignity, while the array of counsel on both sides brought together not only the best legal talent at Leesburg bar, but men of wider fame throughout the entire State. Mr. J. Mortimer Kilgour, then Commonwealth's Attorney for Loudoun, had as his assistant Major John M. Orr, while the war-scarred veteran, General Epaphroditus, met the accusation with a masterly defense of the prisoner. General Hutton was assisted by Messrs. Matthew and Powell Harrison, and Captain J. William Foster, all prominent lawyers in their native town.

Never has there been a case so bitterly fought at the Leesburg bar. The testimony of one witness was refuted by that of another, until the trial became a war between experts. In vain did Mr. Kilgour remind the jury that their duty was the most solemn that man was ever called on to perform; in vain did he remind them that murder, horrible under any circumstances, was three heinous in a woman, "that sex to which in our chivalry we are always accustomed to render homage." In vain did he plead justice and for punishment of the woman who had not only dragged her child from the bosom upon which it rested, but who had violated the sweetest words in the English language: "Mother, home, Heaven, and that too, by means of cold, cruel, insidious poison." In vain did he plead that she was attending the death of her child, and in vain did witness after witness testify. General Epaphroditus had before him on the jury men who had followed him as their commander throughout many a bloody battle, men who, loyal to their country, followed him now, and when he demanded a verdict for his prisoner, promptly gave it.

As might be expected from the array of counsel, both sides put up able arguments. The defense met the accusation of poisoning, and the fact that arsenic was found in the stomach of the child, by claiming that a curious circumstance, the same bismuth as that given by Dr. Mott and to have found arsenic in sufficient quantity to produce death.

As to the motive, the defense hooted at the idea of money, a paltry sum of \$100. Instead of hating the child's guardian for being avaricious, the jury was told that the child, Mrs. Lloyd had loved and day to support it. In conclusion, General Hutton said he knew the jury would find it a pleasure as well as a duty to release the persecuted and afflicted mother from the custody of the law.

After a retirement of twenty minutes the jury returned and rendered a verdict of "not guilty." The trial had occupied nearly two weeks and its progress had been watched with more than breathless interest. When it ended there was out spoken dissatisfaction at the verdict, and